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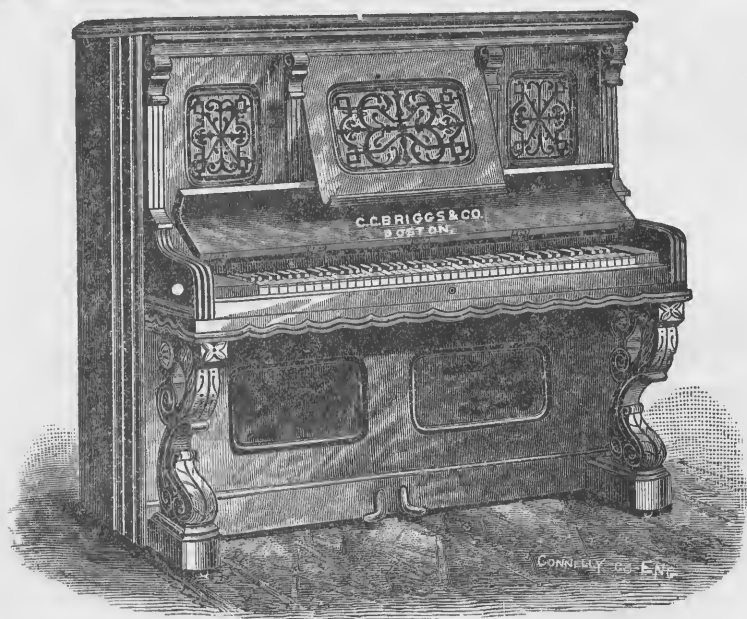
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MUSICIAN'S REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

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OCTOBER, 1887.

No. 10.

THE GYPSY MUSICIANS OF HUNGARY.

IN Hungary, no festival, banquet or celebration of any kind takes place at which the Gypsy fiddlers are not heard. They play in country inns for the village girls and in palaces for baronesses and countesses. They are also in demand in other countries. A certain "prince of finance" at Frankfort-on-the-Main pays a Gypsy orchestra fifteen hundred florins a day. Another "prince of finance," Baron Leopold Rothschild, of London, wished to have a Gypsy orchestra play at his wedding with the beautiful Signorina Perugia, but the orchestra wanted no less than fourteen thousand florins for services and traveling expenses, and that was more than even a Rothschild could stand. It is not only those princes whose crowns are made of commercial paper who love to hear the Gypsy fiddlers' weird melodies, for they have often been invited to play in royal and imperial palaces. Under the reign of Napoleon III. they were more than once heard in the Tuilleries, and the Prince of Wales has again and again invited them to Windsor Castle.

They claim that they are most appreciated at home, in Hungary, but Hungarian liberality to them is of recent date. It is true that the Gypsies were always gladly listened to in Hungary, but they were not always given bread enough to eat, let alone cake. The "high-born" carousers of the olden time, who invited the tawny fiddlers to play for them, had a penchant for hurling empty wine bottles at the heads of the Gypsies, and not seldom the tipsy crowd of guests haggled over the price of their services, so that their lot was, indeed, one of misery and hunger.

It was not the rule to give the Gypsy what he earned—he was often told to resort to begging and stealing, the traditional means of his race for making a livelihood. It was only in the fifties, when they clung warmly to the people in whose midst they lived, that justice began to be done to them. In their fiddles, which played the "Rakoczy March," there dwelt, as in the hearts of the people, the haughty spirit of opposition to tyrants. Could that be? One never would have believed it possible, had it not actually occurred!

The inexorable Hainau and those who succeeded him stood no nonsense. Whenever a Gypsy was surprised playing one of the Hungarian military marches, he was immediately stuck into an Austrian uniform. The Gypsy, however, is never partial to fire-arms, and thus it came to pass that the names of the Gypsies who had been impressed into the army, steadily increased the list of the deserters. Three famous brothers, Gypsy musicians, (Patikarus) thus came to adopt other names than that of their father; for who recognizes a Gypsy, when once he has changed his name? Betrayal was not to be feared. At that time, of course, they did not dare to show themselves, nor to let their Hungarian songs be heard in the fashionable hotels and restaurants, but in the hidden taverns of the suburbs, which were not submitted to the supervision of the police, the "Rakoczy," "Kossuth" and other revolutionary marches of the Hungarian people were heard at all hours. When, sooner or later, the thing was bruited, matters took an unpleasant turn: there followed official warnings, fines, persecutions, etc., but, although so many heads had fallen, the note-heads could not be driven out of the world. The Gypsies chanced the game, and the Hungarians made pilgrimages into the wildernesses of every by-street, where no lamp repelled the darkness, and glided secretly into the smoky pot-houses where, while sipping their Hungarian wines, they could listen to some forbidden song.

When, later, it again became lawful to sing Hungarian songs, the Gypsies were not forgotten, and, as already stated, to-day they must be present at every festival. They no longer need "To let the fiddle sound, so as to silence hunger," as one of their songs poetically expresses it. Under changed circumstances, the Hungarian people have remained grateful to the Gypsies. In 1874, the inhabitants of Szegedin took up a collection to send their leading Gypsy musician (the pale, dark-eyed Moritz Racz) to the baths in a foreign country, for the benefit of his health. When he died, they erected a monument to his memory, on which may be read, in golden letters, the words: "To the immortal interpreter of Hungarian melodies—his friends." One of the Szegedin journals published two long articles concerning Racz. First of all came a genealogy of the hero, which, of course, was made to run back to Bihari, the great Gypsy musician of the last century. Then it was told where he had first seen the light of day; when he had learned to play the violin; to what orchestras he had belonged, and how long, before he had become a leader himself; the maiden names of his wives (for he always got a new one when the old one died) and what excellences his different wives were noted for. May he rest in peace!

The auditors and friends of Franz Patikarus also erected to his memory a beautiful monument in one of the cemeteries of Pesth. Patikarus was not only a violinist of the revolution, he was also a *virtuoso* upon his instrument. Koloman Toth, Lisznyay, and other Hungarian poets, celebrated his violin playing in soulful verse. Emerich Bachott, a Hungarian dramatist, also wrote for him a play in which he performed upon the violin on the stage of the National Theatre at Pesth. Death overtook him while playing.

The living are thought no less of than the dead. Not only have costly pictures of the Madonna been given to them, as was done to the Gypsy violinist Bando Marcei of Pesth, by a pious Hungarian family of wealth and influence, but their playing is so rewarded that they are enabled to get together a comfortable amount of this world's goods. There are many among them who could be wealthy—were it not for gambling, wine and women. At any rate, the hungry horde of nomads has disappeared, and more than one who has managed to avoid *Raschi-Waschi* (the favorite game of chance of the Pesth *cafés*) has succeeded in establishing a pleasant home. In Budapest, they have in the Franzstadt (the ninth ward) their own section of the city, where they dwell in large, light, well-furnished, airy houses, overlooking pleasant gardens. Their wives and daughters dress handsomely, and their children generally are receiving a good ordinary education, while not a few of them are being educated for the professions, which several have already entered. Thus is being accomplished peacefully what could not be brought about by compulsion a hundred years ago.

The Empress Maria Theresa made the first attempt to have the Hungarian Gypsies settle down, and Joseph II. continued it by his "Principal regulations for Gypsies" of October 9, 1783, which gave them lands and dwelling places. But the Gypsies, fond of wandering and averse to labor, abandoned these confining gifts and resumed their vagabondage—even when they were unable to realize upon their new estates. Then followed strict and cruel measures. Marriage between Gypsies was forbidden—the Gypsies got along without the priestly blessing. Their children were taken from them and given to Christian school-masters—the masters were glad enough when the unruly youngsters ran away and returned to their parents, who never had cause to complain of a dearth of children. Thus the little Gypsy tribe evaded every ministerial

edict. The permanent settlement of the nomads succeeded only in a part of Transylvania, where there are to this day Gypsy villages and Gypsy quarters. The Gypsies' mechanical knack and their wide-awake brains helped them here to competencies. The rich and costly costumes of the Transylvania Gypsy girls painted by George Bastagh are faithful copies of the reality. It will now be so elsewhere, for throughout Hungary small colonies of Gypsies are settling in the towns and cities. In this way it will come to pass that the 85,000 Gypsies which, according to the last census, dwelt in Hungary will become settled citizens, and, in part, a guild of musicians with violin bow and harmonicon hammer for armorial bearings.

If it be true, as the learned pretend, that they are the descendants of the 4000 *Tulis* whom Tamerlane forced out of India, they have inherited their musical talent from generation to generation for 1400 years.

At Budapest, years ago, in the carnival season, when a monster concert by ten Gypsy orchestras took place, we had indeed a good opportunity to note and admire their native talent, both for rapid apprehension and great execution. The dash of their playing was such as to again and again extort from a public already sated with Gypsy music storms of rapturous applause. One hundred and twenty Gypsies played there together, with a difference in time of not exceeding one sixty-fourth note, and this after a rehearsal together of not more than three hours. They had no notes before them, and old Bunko, a well-known veteran violinist, who acted as leader, beat time for them without a *baton*. He played along quietly upon his violin, and only now and then turned his head to one side—indicating the *tempo* only with his eyes. Not once did his hair flutter spectrally as he led—first of all because he did not wear "artist locks." And yet they played the "Rakoczy March" in a manner that thrilled all who heard it.

The Gypsy violin leaders are real *virtuosi*, even though their virtuosity is not that of the present. They love to practice the old, artistic compositions, which they always render in most exquisite style. Their imitation of the warbling of birds upon the violin is as charming as anything Ole Bull ever played. One could not help being fascinated by the playing of "Cserebogor, sarga Cserebogor" ("June-bug, yellow June-bug") by the late Racz Pal, the Prince of Wales' favorite musician, or by that of "Repulj fecskem" ("Fly, my Swallow") by Zsakay Jani. Two strings of the violin of the latter player snapped once while he was performing in public, but he played the remainder of his popular melody without stopping and with increased virtuosity to the end, as Paganini is said to have played his love-lorn serenade to the Grand Duchess of Tuscany.

Their own famous tunes are handed down from generation to generation. Every Gypsy has in his repertory the old melodies of Czinka, Martinovitch, Banyak, Bihari, Rozsavelgyi, Czermak and the rest of the princes of Gypsy music who have long since passed away and who left to their descendants nothing but the song which they had loosed from the strings and which goes on sounding and resounding down the ages. The Gypsies of to-day will be able to leave other inheritances to their children, for they are at last reaping their reward for having for centuries cultivated and preserved the sweet, sad, weird music of Hungary.

A FEATURE of great musical interest will be found at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, in what is very happily termed "The Silent Orchestra." The collection includes the well-known piano of Beethoven, that was specially made for him by Conrad Graf, of Vienna, Chopin's favorite piano, besides a number of most interesting autograph letters and scores of many composers of note.

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AMERICAN COMPOSITIONS.

THE direction given by the late President of the Music Teachers' National Association, Mr. Lavallée, to the efforts of that organization—the fostering of native talent for composition—is evidently a wise one, and one which it is to be hoped will not be abandoned. But, as is always the case, the movement has been espoused not only by intelligent and moderate men but also by a lot of harebrained individuals who, as usual, are much more demonstrative in the display of their ignorance than others are in the expression of their knowledge.

If we were to listen to some of these extremists, we should have to conclude that it ought to be made a penal offence for any American to use any but American compositions. In their mind's eye they see the shelves of the music dealers groaning under the weight of meritorious American music while foreign trash is sold by the cart-load. No one will surely accuse us (who have again and again pointed out and denounced the evil) of denying the fact that many teachers will pass by an American composition of merit to take an inferior one simply because it bears a foreign imprint, but the fact remains that meritorious American compositions are the exception rather than the rule; that although the United States has not a monopoly of the publication of bad music, American publishers, as a class, issue more musical trash than those of any other civilized nation. And the composers of this very trash, too ignorant to see the shortcomings of their own work, are the very ones who complain the loudest that an American composer "has no show" against a foreigner. To encourage such writers, whether at home or abroad, is a crime against music and it is a blessing that their effusions find so few buyers.

In the general Babel of complaints, the publishers of music come in for their full share of abuse. They refuse to publish American compositions simply because they can re-publish European works without paying the authors a royalty, or if they publish at all they take all the profits and leave nothing but barren glory for the native composer.

As we have already stated the fact, is that American publishers are far too ready to publish anything that has a possible chance to sell, regardless of its merits. The trouble, in other words, is not that they publish too little but that they publish too much. We have, however, composers (?) who can not write eight bars of decent melody who think they can write complete sonatas and elaborate symphonies, and are ever ready to berate publishers because they will not sink hundreds of dollars in plates to put their matchless works before

the world. We have others who, less ambitious perhaps, but not less sanguine, think that their less pretentious compositions must sell and therefore jump at the conclusion that they do sell and that the publisher is cheating them out of their royalties. As we write, we call to mind the case of one composer (of considerable merit, we are glad to say) who, to avoid being swindled, published a dozen of those of his own compositions which he considered the best, sent hundreds of copies to the better class of teachers throughout the country for introduction—and told us some three months later that only two out of the whole number had had the courtesy to even acknowledge the receipt of his compositions. He probably got a different opinion, after that, of the immense profits of publishers. The same course is open to others. There is no law to prevent a man's becoming his own publisher or "setting up shop" as publisher of the works of others and becoming by that easy means "a bloated bondholder."

There is a great deal of nonsense talked and written in connection with this very question, about fostering an American school of composition. It would seem that American compositions, to be worth anything, must be essentially different from those of other nations. Why not say, in the same way, that we should encourage provincialisms and slang in order to eventually build up an American language upon the theory that only in that way can American literature ever get rid of an English twang and obtain a flavor and charm of its own? The fact is patent to all observers that nationality in music is being obliterated. The study of the compositions of divers masters acts and reacts upon the works of the composers of all nations until the national style largely disappears to give place to the style of the individual—and it is at this very time that America, the cosmopolitan land, is asked to resist the universal current and create a style and mode of its own!

This is neither necessary, desirable nor possible. What the American composer has a right to ask is that no discrimination shall be made against his work because it is American. If it be meritorious, he has cause to complain not that publishers do not publish enough, but that they have published so much in the way of American compositions that is worthless, that they have thereby made a *prima facie* case against American compositions, which it takes evidence of merit to overthrow, and it is against this promiscuous publication of worthless American compositions that his efforts and those of musical associations, should be directed.

THE G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT MUSIC.

HERE is a time for everything," and the time of the assembling of the hosts of the Grand Army of the Republic in its 21st annual encampment was a time of reminiscences. Fully fifty thousand veterans with their families, a host three times as large, had accepted the hospitalities of St. Louis, and everywhere "comrades" exchanged their recollections of the past, renewed old friendships—occasionally meeting those they had believed were sleeping their last long sleep in the land of the magnolias, and thus living over the life of twenty-five years ago. Indeed, they lived those days over more than either they or their entertainers wished, for, as if to test the mettle of our visitors, the skies, which had been all smiles for weeks, began to weep, and ceased not weeping until after the grand parade, which took place in a drenching rain, and which must have reminded the 15,000 "vets." who took part in it of many a march at the end of which came not, as in this case, comfortable shelter, but the bivouac under open skies, even more disloyal, and in the enemy's country.

The Encampment music was also essentially reminiscential. It is true that the local retailers of music played the old trick of publishing old compositions with new titles, marches, schotisches, etc., which had done duty before as "Knights Templar," "Blaine and Logan" or "Cleveland" compositions, but now bore a G. A. R. title; but these catch-penny affairs attracted no more attention than they deserved—in other words, were practically unnoticed.

The Encampment gave birth to, or rather was the occasion for, two songs of welcome. Only one was published in sheet form. Its music was written for the holder of the copyright (J. W. Dick) by Mr. Kunkel, the words by S. F. Bennett (author of the words of "In the Sweet By-and-By"). The other, words and music by the editor of this paper, was published only in the *Globe-Democrat* and on slips for the use of the singing societies that rendered it along the line of march, the author and the holders of the copyright (our publishers) having determined not to have it for sale in any form, lest it might appear that the song had been created for speculative purposes rather than as a *bona fide* compliment to the G. A. R. We give here the words of these two songs, although the latter was the only song of welcome sung from the singing stands erected by the music committee along the line of the parade.

Mr. Bennett's song is entitled "Welcome, G. A. R." Its words run as follows:

Ring out, ring out, ye joyous bells,
From ev'ry steeple tall!
Each brazen tongue the story tells,
And welcome gives to all!

CHORUS—Then, welcome, welcome, G. A. R.!
St. Louis greets the blue,
Beneath that flag whose ev'ry star
Receives our worship true!

From Portland to the Golden Gate,
We greet the boys in blue,
Who gather here to celebrate,
And friendships old renew! CHO.

No truer lives than ours shall live
Responsive to your own!
No truer hands than ours shall give
The grip to comrades known! CHO.

The door of every heart ajar,
Invites each comrade in!
We wait your coming from afar,
And greet you brothers kin! CHO.

Here is the text of the other song, entitled "We Greet You! We Hail You!"

We greet you, we hail you, ye remnant of the brave,
Ye heroes, who battled the Union's life to save!
Here, under the banner by loyal breezes tossed,
We hail you its saviors, for not one star is lost.
Undaunted, unmoved, you withstood Treason's shock,
And beat back its waves like the adamant rock.
You were in the darkness unto the Union true;
Behold in the sunshine a Union true to you!

CHORUS—We greet you, we hail you, etc.

The Lord God of battles his angel sent before,
You followed—we witnessed His judgments writ in gore.
Like spirits of vengeance, you swept on to the main,
Like heralds of mercy, you broke the bondsman's chain.
A nation redeem'd thanks the Pow'r that has led,
Yet, grateful to you, blessings showers on each head.
Forgiveness she giveth to those who went astray,
But e'er will remember the "blue" was not the "gray."

CHORUS—We greet you, we hail you, etc.

The bugle is silent, the cannon booms no more,
For Peace holds the scepter and reigns from shore to shore;
The song-birds are warbling where shrieked the deadly
shell,

And sweet flowers blossom where erst the foeman fell!
Columbia with laurels your brows has entwined;
Columbia your names in her heart has enshrined;
'Tis she bids us welcome those whom she holds so dear
And teach all her children your mem'ry to revere.

CHORUS—We greet you, we hail you, etc.

The reception of the latter song by the marching veterans was all that the author could desire, but there is no disguising the fact that any new composition, whatever its character, had to take a secondary place. Even the old national songs, such as "Hail, Columbia," "Star-Spangled Banner," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," etc., failed to arouse the fullest enthusiasm of the marching column. This was reserved to the songs of the late war: "John Brown," "The Battle-Cry of Freedom," "Marching through Georgia," etc. These songs have but little merit, musical or literary, the rising generation know them not, or at least know them but little, but the "comrades" of the G. A. R. had sung them in tent and field from Bull Run to Appomattox to the accompaniment of booming cannon and rattling musketry. All the associations of a heroic and successful struggle were bound up in these melodies, and these it was that they took up with vim as they passed the stands from which the singers discoursed.

What address of any living orator could have stirred the hearts of the veterans like these old songs? Not much in themselves, these marching melodies—but how much to those to whose memory they brought up in an instant the struggles and sufferings of years and the final victory!

There was not sung a word of bitterness or enmity, no "We'll hang" any one "to a sour apple-tree." Men who risked their all to assert a principle may well be expected to remain faithful to it, to refuse to justify that which they forgive, but the feeling of all in song as in story seemed to be that of the poet:

"Go, write on their battered banners,
In the silent and solemn pause,
'Twas failure, but not of courage
Not courage, O Truth, but Cause."

THE last issue of the MUSICAL REVIEW was hardly mailed when the papers announced the sale of the properties of the "National (American) Opera Company" at something like 15 cents on the dollar of their original cost—we said they would hardly bring twenty. Mr. Locke was not the purchaser (Oh no!) but he has announced a season of grand opera with his own company and properties "that will cost over \$100,000." We desire to inform Mr. Locke that we know he will use the properties of the company he has wrecked, unless he should find that some of his associates may be disposed to serve him as he has served others. This man Locke is so lost to all sense of honor that he has gone to the extremity of rushing into print to blame his victim, Mrs. Thurber, for the failure of the "National Opera Company." Mr. Locke's new company will "die a-bornin'," a dozen Thurbers would not save it from perdition. Amen.

ILMA DI MURSKA.

HIS renowned *cantatrice* returns to this country under the experienced management of Signor De Vivo. She has recently completed a "grand tour" of the world and "it goes without saying" has everywhere scored great successes. A private letter from her manager informs us that the "Hungarian Nightingale" really intends to make the United States her permanent home. Managers and Musical Societies who may desire to offer a first-class attraction in concert, oratorio or musical festivals should remember that Mme. di Murska can be engaged for such occasions through Signor D. de Vivo, 359 W. 23d St., New York. Mme. di Murska is too well known to need special mention—her voice is one of phenomenal compass and her execution is marvelous.

The two early operas by Wagner, recently discovered among the late Bavarian monarch's papers, are said to be written in the style of Auber, and are entitled respectively "Die Feen" and "Défence d'Aimer."

MUSIC AND POETRY.

SOME great man once foolishly said—for even great men are apt to say foolish things occasionally—"Poetry should resemble music." The phrase has been admired, quoted, paraphrased. Musicians have applied it: "It should be the object of music to make tones expressive of words." This is emphatically what the Germans call "the wrong world;" everything turned topsyturvy; heads down, heels up; not only nonsense, but also a nuisance. Unfortunately, this nuisance has become very general in our times. It has been the great and not unsuccessful aim of the "Tennyson school" of poetry to banish sense and agreeable versification from all poetical productions, and to heap instead a pile of words together, with the sole purpose of producing musical sounds; although the music thus attained can scarcely compete with that of a ten-cent jewsharp. On the other side, the Wagner-Liszt musicians of the future have become so proficient in making tones do the duty of language, that it is as good as hearing a lecture to listen to one of their symphonies—provided you have been furnished beforehand with a neatly printed programme, advising you, confidentially, what the symphony is intended to express. If you hear a discord, which threatens to throw you into convulsions, you look at your programme and exclaim: "Ah, how beautiful! How expressive of agony!" If the brass instruments strike up a melody, which the string instruments attempt to drown by the most hideous gust of chromatic squealing, you cry out triumphantly: "How emblematic of the connubial state!" In truth, this squealing of the violins is the great feature of the music of the future, and the poetry of the present reaches its ideal by arranging uncouth words so as to resemble in sound, as much as possible, the noise of heavy wagons passing over a western plank road. Both noises terrify the ear; both are a horror to the public.

To us, this rivalry of the two highest and most popular arts seems absurd and ridiculous. We are foolish enough to believe that poetry has one ideal, and music another. Where poetry leaves off, then music commences, and vice versa. Music addresses itself exclusively to the feelings, and every attempt to make it speak to the understanding must not only prove futile, but is also unnatural. The artistic pleasure, derived from unweaving the intricate construction of a musical production, lessens the enjoyment of the music itself. What would we say if an actor, hearing one of Shakespeare's dramas, were to fly into ecstasies over the grammatical construction of its sentences? If the construction of every detail of the work is not so artistic that you forget the art in admiring the beauty, you may be sure that there is a fault. Those who pretend to have discovered a philosophical essay in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and attempt to translate its chords, notes and passages into language, lower the great master whom they would elevate. If it was Beethoven's purpose to make it a philosophical work, he must have made it a very poor one to require so many translations, of which no one can say which is the correct one; and it was foolish to employ music for what he could express so much better in language. But it is folly to say music can speak; music is the unspeakable. Music excites our emotions; it consequently addresses itself to our nerves. If the vibration of our nerves, which, under the influence of some passion or emotion, corresponds with the vibration produced by music, which was written to express these passions or emotions, then music has attained its purpose.

But poetry speaks through the understanding and the imagination. It gives you ideas and images. The beauty of its form, the beauty of poetical rhythm, has no resemblance even to musical melody. Expressing itself through language, the first duty of poetry is to obey the laws of language, not the laws of notes. Simplicity in the construction of sentences, the greatest beauty in prose, is therefore of essential importance in poetry. The more complicated the construction, the more exertion the mind requires to unravel the meaning, to seize the idea or image, which is of the first importance, and the less time it has to appreciate the beauty of the rhythm, which is next in importance. Likewise, the more crowded, gorgeous, unlikely and far-fetched the images and similes, the more labor is demanded of the imagination to produce a correct picture of the images intended to convey, with the same fatal result, to the beauty of the metre. Frequent and close repetition of the same, or similarly sounding vowels and consonants—a defect in prose—is a still greater fault in poetry. There are, of course, exceptions, where the effect may be even

heightened by such a fault, but they are rare. To pronounce the same sounds in frequent succession is anything but musical, while it obstructs the utterance, and prevents the language from flowing in graceful rhythm. It is true, Edgar Allan Poe wrote an essay to prove that this very rope-dancing of words constituted poetry, but no one who reads his other works can fail to perceive that he never believed in it. All the poetical quotations which he cites in his lecture on poetry are, in direct opposition to the doctrine, poems of simple construction, graceful language and meter, and singular beauty of thought.

It has been always thus; the people have always preferred genuine poets to the learned artists, who stride on stilts of sounding words. The conglomeration of the most horrid sounds in a language was never considered a beauty till within these latter days of modern exaggeration, and is now only considered so by professional artists or stupid verse writers.

To employ uncouth words, words rare in use, and consequently but little known to the people, has always been deemed a fault. How would Moore, or Byron, or Shakespeare, have become popular if they had used Tennyson's dictionary? How would Milton's "Paradise Lost" read, if arranged according to sound, like the "Princess"? How few, even of poet-artists, can "catch" the mystery of Tennyson's versification! Poetic substance, embellished by poetic form, constitutes true poetry. What has given Gray's "Elegy" such universal popularity? The verses are not very musical, the rhythm might be better; if the frequent repetition of broad vowels be a beauty, it has very little of that. But the conception and the thoughts are poetical; they are clothed in simple, popular language, and pure, even verse, and thus strike the human heart.

The public is, after all, the best judge of artistic merit; and for a very simple reason—because they are not artists themselves. Few artists retain a clear perception of the pure ideal of art after they have once become immersed in its technical difficulties. Admiration of technical intricacies clouds their judgment, and leads them to depreciate and pay little regard to the simplicity of pure beauty. Only Genius overcomes this obstacle. Hand over a musical child to the tender mercy of a professor of music, and watch the development. At first, the child will exhibit a natural taste. It will delight in melody and simplicity of harmonic construction, which "papa and mamma" can appreciate; it will recoil from incomprehensible minor keys, violent modulations and harsh chords. But only for a while. Gradually the young mind will become developed, will learn to understand the power of modulations and unmelodic passages; will especially admire the art necessary to produce them. To produce melody is an easy thing, even for a young child; but to construct an intricate accompaniment, to modulate in unexpected chords—that is difficult. Hence, the child is led to consider melody as very silly and contemptible, and its artistic ideal becomes unmelodious noise. "Papa and mamma" of course stop their ears, and think it execrable music; but the child perceives, or fancies it perceives, the beauty of it, and glories in its supremacy. Very few young violinists, who had got safely over the first difficulties, but flew into ecstasies over the performances of Vieuxtemps. And why? Because it was such skillful rope-dancing on the fiddle. But place an unartistic public before Vieuxtemps; they might admire, but they would certainly yawn. Put Ole Bull, however, on the stage, and the most unartistic blockhead in the crowd would laugh or weep, as Ole Bull chose. Wherein lay the difference? Vieuxtemps was a skillful artist; Ole Bull was an artist and a Genius.

Truth is always the sandwich which encloses two exaggerations, here as well as anywhere.

Simple melody alone will soon grow tiresome; artistical arrangement of musical tones without melody is mere noise. The combination of both is perfect music, and this is what constitutes the supremacy of Beethoven over all other composers. The most simple, plain and touching melody forms his theme, and can be appreciated by the common public; while the intricate accompaniment, the skillful combination of the several parts and the harmonious modulations of the different passages excite the admiration of the artist. The grandeur and religious sublimity which form the chief characteristics of Beethoven, do not deter from his popularity, but, on the contrary, enhance it, for the people are impressed by nothing so much as by the sublime; an observation which every artist can make with profit.

Here, then, opens the way for a future of both arts. The poetry of the future must return again

to the poetry of the past, and keep within the limits prescribed by its own nature. These limits do not exclude improvement; on the contrary, in an upward direction the progress is infinite; but they form the boundary which separates one art from another. There is an inexhaustible variety of poetic thought and incident for future poets to embody into words. The variety of poetic form, with which to clothe them, is likewise infinite. But the form must never relapse into the grotesque. It must always be remembered that poetic substance is the primary, poetic form the secondary. No one, who is deficient in poetical ideas, can ever hope to become a poet by skill in the construction of form; while, on the contrary, a poetic mind, with moderate artistic skill, may hope to rival the great masters. He whom nature has gifted with the one, and who has industry enough to study and supply all the mysteries of the second, can alone attain the highest ideal. A. E. KROEGER.

MME. RIVÉ-KING'S COMING SEASON.

It will be good news to the lovers of artistic piano playing to know that Mme. Rivé-King has fully recovered her health (which had somewhat suffered from overwork toward the close of the last musical season) and will again be heard in concerts during the present season. The fact that the publishers of this journal are also the publishers of Mme. King's compositions might lead those who have not heard her to think that our praise of her work was due to those relations. For once, therefore, we shall remain silent and let others speak. Mme. King's last appearance in public was at Indianapolis on July 7th last and the following day the *Journal* of that city contained the following from the pen of the well-known critic J. S. Van Cleve:

"Saint Saëns was represented by his second concerto for piano. It is in the related and lovely keys of G minor, B flat major and G minor. The introduction for piano solo in the strong, Bach-like roll of the four-note figure shows how that corner-stone of modern music, John Sebastian Bach, is built upon by all our composers. Even the wayward, aerial Chopin loved to play his music, and now Saint Saëns, the colorist, the weird tone-painter, the Gustave Doré of music, draws upon him. The most remarkable feature in the structure of this concerto is the way in which the piano, the protagonist, is held to its work, for there is scarcely a let-up from beginning to end, and although the whole work is only little more than twenty minutes in length, this time filled with such dazzling virtuoso effects, can not be less than a Herculean task for the performer. And such a performance as it was. Never since the triumphs of Rubinstein, in New York, has there been such an ovation. The cheering, the bravos, the encores were vociferous, and the whole audience was wrought to a pitch of enthusiasm marvelous to witness. Those who came from Ohio and had a patriotic interest in the success of their countrywoman—Mme. Rivé-King was born near Cincinnati—were nearly beside themselves with delight and pride. Well they might be, for it was a phenomenal performance. All the world knows that Mme. Rivé-King is a brilliant virtuoso, but even she was eclipsed by herself last evening. It is idle to specify technical details, for everything was there. Her tones were like those bells of crystal which the Moslems believe hang upon the trees of Eden and ring responsive to the breeze from Allah's throne. Every gradation was there, from the tinkle of a falling water-drop to the mellow clangor of some sonorous bell. Then, as for speed, equality, dash, repose, fire, impetuosity, strength, endurance what can one say? Nothing but superlatives. The most wonderful thing in all the wonderful performance was the sense of ease and complete mastery which pervaded the whole as the blowing wind pervades and sways the forest. Nothing seemed any harder than anything else, and as the wind can toy with a twig or wrench an oak from the earth, so she whirled the music out from the instrument as with a rushing, mighty wind of inspiration. Then how the piano responded to the demands she made with sweet silver whispers, or gurgles of laughter and storms of overpowering sonority."

On the same day the *Indianapolis Sentinel* said, speaking of the same performance:

"An incident of overwhelming enthusiasm attended Mme. Rivé-King's brilliant execution of piano concerto in G minor, by Saint Saëns. The number came just before the intermission, and on its completion there was a spontaneous outburst of bravos, mingled with the universal clapping of hands. The applause continued for two or three minutes, and then renewed its force as the artist again and again bowed her acknowledgments. The audience was loath to leave the seats for the tempting coolness of a promenade in the corridors. Hundreds arose and then resumed their seats to keep up the round of plaudits. It was a brilliant tribute to a lady whose many admirers here rejoiced in her well-worn honors."

"Frank" King, the husband and manager of the great pianist, kindly sends us a specimen programme of Mme. King's coming tour which we append. We understand that Mme. King has yet a few vacant dates, which can be secured by addressing her manager at Chickering Hall, New York.

BACH—*a.* "Bourrée" from 2nd Eng. Suite. *b.* Concerto, Italian Style. BEETHOVEN—"Sonata," Op. 109. NICODÉ—"Sonata," F minor (new, first time in America). CHOPIN—"a. Scherzo C# minor, Polonaise Militaire, c. Andante and Rondo in E." SMITH, WILSON G.—"Gavotte." KROEGER—"Dance of the Elves," (new, first time). RIVÉ-KING—"Polonaise Héroïque." SAINT-SAËNS—"Toccata and Finale," from Suite Op. 72 (new, first time in America). LISZT—"Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 12 (Rivé-King Edition.)"

SINGING FLAT AND SINGING SHARP.

(Concluded from last issue.)

II. SINGING SHARP.

THE causes which lead to it may be briefly stated thus: Lack of control in the relaxation of the breathing-muscles; faulty condition of the ear-nerves; too much natural energy and dramatic vigor; sometimes, also, nervousness may be a strong contributor to it.

(1) We have found that the incorrect and incomplete taking of the breath often causes a tone to become flat. In contrast with this—when breath has been taken in the right place and with a correct method,—if a singer does not know how to control the relaxation of the breathing-muscles, during the emission of sounds but lets them collapse all at once after he has filled the lungs, then the breath rushes through the vocal ligaments too quickly and too much at a time, and the tone becomes sharp. This bad habit may disturb the elements of beauty of a tone in still other respects, but it is not necessary to say more about it here.

The remedy for this is a proper management of the breath during singing, by controlling the relaxation of the breathing-muscles. How can this be accomplished? This is the point to which we referred at the beginning, as being of such a nature that it would be useless to undertake an explanation at once complete and practical in only a few words; in fact, it would need for its proper treatment a long chapter by itself. We may, therefore, pass on to the next cause of singing sharp, namely:

(2) The faulty conditions of the ear-nerve. This is exactly the same trouble, only upon a changed base, that was discussed in the second paragraph of the first part, the difference in this case being that the ear nerve misjudges the number of vibrations necessary for a certain pitch in such a manner as to produce a few more than are wanted. Here, as in the former case, the greatest difficulty presents itself in the inability of the pupil to perceive that the tone is sharp. The treatment for the correction of this fault is exactly the same as prescribed in the paragraph referred to.

(3) In some instances it may be found a singer is led to sing a tone sharp by too much natural energy or dramatic vigor. In either case he forces the air out with too much violence; the consequence is too many vibrations, and the tone becomes sharp. The following practice we can recommend as having been successfully tried on several occasions: Let the pupil execute upon all the easy tones of his compass—not alone upon those that he sharps—three or four half swells in one breath; the measure of the crescendo depends entirely upon his ability to keep the tone in pitch. To describe it more minutely: The pupil must commence a tone very softly and increase it till he feels it getting a little sharp; then he must immediately decrease it. Afterward, without renewing the breath, he sings another crescendo in the same way and so on in one breath, as often as he is able to do it without overdoing.

(4) Finally, we come across singers who produce some of their higher tones sharp from no other cause than nervousness. We might explain it in this way: They are inclined to be over-anxious to do things right and feel especially diffident about reaching a higher tone; consequently they are apt to overdo the thing and use too much force in the production of their tones. The result is too many vibrations of the vocal ligaments. At first sight, this appears to be almost the same difficulty as the former, but the practice recommended for that case would not alleviate this trouble, though useful in itself for other reasons. The only remedy for this class of singers is in getting rid of their nervousness, which can be successfully done in this way: First study very faithfully what you are going to sing, which will impart confidence; and, secondly, sing it before others as often as possible and advisable. Thus the nervousness soon will wear off and with it also the habit of singing sharp.

As far as we have outlined our subject at the beginning, we might abruptly close it now without flattering ourselves that we have at all exhausted it. Still, as intimated at the start, we would consider our endeavors as falling short in one essential point, if we did not, at least with a few words, draw attention to the very annoying occurrence of flatting and sharpening during choral performances.

Unlike individual or solo singing, where all the blame as well as the correction depends upon the singer who is the guilty person, in the case of a whole band of singers the responsibility rests upon the one who has done the least to cause the flatting or the sharpening—the choral leader. It is, there-

fore, to him alone that these few remarks are made. Our experience has been that nine times out of ten the flatting or sharpening of a whole chorus is caused by one individual. Let one voice sing flat, the next two neighbors, if not four or five around him, are depressed in pitch at once; upon the next note half of the singers may be flat, and in less than five seconds the whole chorus is down, if the instrumental accompaniment should be very soft, or if the singing is done *a capella*. The best advice that can be given is the one contained in that common axiom: "One ounce of prevention is better than one pound of cure." No singer with the chronic disease of singing out of tune, must be tolerated within the chorus. There is no help for that. No leader can afford to wait till the poor singer is cured and have all his performances more or less spoiled till then.

The next suggestion would be that the breath-marks be put into every singer's copy, and it is best to have it done under the supervision of the leader outside of the rehearsals; it is not at all reliable to let the singers do it during rehearsal, as there is always more or less distraction among singers. Besides this, the leader must take great pains to instruct the members of his chorus in the correct method of breathing, how and when to take a full, and when a short breath. A thorough system of breathing is the most reliable means of securing a pure intonation.

As there are several causes that result in singing flat and sharp, as we have learned, the director must be on the lookout for those places which he found, at the rehearsals, to give a chance for faulty intonation. An experienced leader has his own peculiar methods of communicating with his singers—by signs with the hand and fingers, facial expression, especially the lips and eyes, that his choristers well understand. A signal given in time to a certain member may prevent many disasters. Not unfrequently the leader may find it the simplest way to prevent flatting or sharpening by assisting the wavering part with his own voice, that is if he is a singer himself and has a musical voice. We firmly believe that in the majority of instances—and we refer principally to *a capella* performances—that this is the only remedy that will prove effective. This is not theory and philosophy with nothing but lamp-smell and desk-dust on it. This is practical advice, the value of which we have tested during a period of over thirty-five years.

We are aware, however, of the fact that a great many professionals are of the opinion that the director must never himself sing during a public performance. It gives us great satisfaction that in this instance we can support our practice with an authority that no one need hesitate to accept. Mr. A. W. Gottschalg, the well-reputed court-organist and professor at the music-school in Weimar, opened recently in his semi-monthly paper called *Der Chorgesang*,* of which he is the very efficient editor—a paper, by the way, which can not be too highly recommended to choral leaders,—the question: "Shall the director sing himself at a public performance of a chorus?" Mr. Gottschalg heads the list of those whom he expects to send answers, with the following: "The director not only can, but even must support the chorus with his own voice: (1) if one part is rather weak or insufficiently represented; (2) if at a difficult passage there is danger that a 'smash up' might occur." This does not refer to our case directly in so many words, but comes so close to it that we consider him a support to our stand. For if the above reasons would compel a leader to help with his own voice, he surely must also assist if, by doing so, he can prevent his chorus from singing flat or sharp. We agree with Mr. Gottschalg that if the chorus is accompanied by an orchestra, then the leader has enough to do without singing himself; moreover, we think that he is usually then so placed, that he could do no good anyhow.

In church choirs, when the chorus leader is at the same time organist, he may summon additional assistance from the organ-stops to keep his choir in tune, though we would under no circumstances encourage the use of such powerful accompaniment that the organ drowns whatever mishaps may happen, or that the tempos be rushed through so rapidly that the singers could not possibly find time for pure intonation.

To expect that a chorus-leader can always prevent, even with the greatest forethought, diligence and presence of mind, every little impurity of intonation, is forgetting that he also is but human. The essayist, however, claims the same privilege, and hopes that not only his feeble efforts may be appreciated, but that whatever shortcomings be found, he may be leniently dealt with.

LEO KOFLEB.

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THE IDEAL IN ART.

NATURE and its imitation are subjects that are ever before our thoughts, and oftentimes, in our perverseness, we say that nature should be more beautiful. We must then choose, says Goethe—and, without doubt, choose the most perfect. But how are we to know this? According to what rule are we to make our choice? Where can this rule be found? Not in nature. Suppose that the object is given; that it is, for example, a tree, the most beautiful in the forest, and acknowledged the most perfect type of its species. In order to transform this tree into its image I turn around it, I seek to seize it on its most beautiful side; I place myself at a suitable distance in order perfectly to take in the whole; I await a favorable day; and after all that, do you believe that much of what belongs to the real tree is embodied in the description I may give of it? The crowd may believe it; but the artist who possesses the secret of his art will certainly not fall into the same error.

That which pleases the most, as nature pleases the multitude, in a work of art, is not exterior nature, but man, interior nature.

The world interests us only by its relation with man. And in art we taste but that which is the expression of this relation.

More credit is due the unsuccessful attempt to satisfy the highest requirements of art than the perfect fulfillment of the inferior conditions. We are very well convinced of the necessity of studies from nature for the sculptor and the painter; but we confess that we are often troubled at seeing the abuse that is made of this laudable exercise.

There exist in nature many objects which, if considered separately, present the character of beauty. However, talent consists in discovering the harmonies, and, consequently, in producing works of art. The butterfly that has just lighted upon a flower, the dewdrop that moistens its cup, the vase that contains it, make it still more beautiful. There is not a bush, not a tree, that cannot be made interesting by the neighborhood of a rock, a fountain—and to which a well-arranged perspective does not lend a great charm. It is the same with the human figure—with the forms of animals of every kind.

The young artist will find more advantage in following this direction. He will first learn to reflect, to combine, to seize the relations between objects that harmonize together. If in this way he composes with talent, what we call invention, that is, the art of drawing a crowd of ideas from a single particularity, will not be wanting to him.

Man, originally gifted with the most happy dispositions for knowledge, must necessarily be formed by education. His faculties can be developed only by the care bestowed upon him by his parents and his masters, by an experience acquired with labor. The artist is not born at once formed, but simply with the germ of talent. Nature can give him a happy sight to take in the forms, the proportions, the movements; but for lofty composition, the distribution of light and shade, the choice of colors, natural talent alone would fail him.

If he does not feel disposed to learn from the great masters of past ages, or from those of his own time, what he needs to become a true artist, misled by the false idea of his own originality, he

will remain behind and below himself. For it is not only that which is innate, but also that which we acquire, that belongs to and forms part of ourselves.

BOUGHT HER A NEW ROMEO.

UTHER LAFLIN MILLS, says the *Indicator*, tells a good story told him by John Maginnis recently, in Butte City, which is headquarters for Maginnis' "belt line" of theatres. The story is illustrative of rough Western life and of the whole-souled character of the miners.

Before the present theatre was completed, a lady came to Butte as a Shakespearean

the gallant, poured it down its wire throttle, shook it up and down, danced with it, and fairly howled. They returned it to the "theatre," somewhat worsted, and left it on the stage. The following evening the lady was to repeat her programme. When she beheld the sorry plight of her Romeo, she burst into tears, and couldn't speak. One of them, seeing the lady's grief, stood up in his chair and made the following speech:

"Boys, last night we got Romeo drunk. We had fun with him and a good time." Then turning to the lady, he said: "But, mum, we didn't mean to hurt your feelin's—'pon honor we didn't, mum. We ain't the men to hurt no woman that comes to this camp, and we're sorry for you. Now, boys, I propose to pass the hat to buy this lady a new Romeo. Let every man chip in."

He passed the hat himself, and when he took it up on the stage there were 280 gold dollars counted out.

"You take this, mum," said the speaker, "and buy you a new one, and you won't feel hurt at us, mum, will you, for we didn't mean to hurt your feelin's?"

A SAVANT ON DANCING.

BOHNE, in his history of German dancing and its future, observes: "Man, only, knows dancing"—the bear does not count because it has no "psychic impulsion." Why do we dance? he demands; 90 per cent. do so for amusement, 9 to secure a substitute for a vapor bath, and 1 for the love of æsthetics. But dancing is also a marriage broker, a sort of matrimonial agency. However, the dance is also a civilizing agent. With our ancestors, Nature meant only music and dances; which, too, were attributed to the gods. The author states the old Germans were a dancing people; modern Germans are not, and that you can travel two months in Germany without perceiving a waltzer; whereas, voyage but eight days in Spain, fandangos will be visible everywhere. The demon of dance seizes the Spaniards in the streets, on the public places, under the porches of houses. The first musician who arrives and can touch a guitar will compel the servant to throw away her broom, the water-carriers to lay down their pitchers; the muleteers will abandon their mules, and the innkeeper will quit his dinner—to dance all with soul and body. The Spaniards have always a foot in the air, ready to spring; so had once the old Germans, and so much so that their bishops had the greatest difficulty to prevent their flocks dancing in the churches—thus imitating the early Christians. However, sacred



"WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY."

reader. She was billed to give "Romeo and Juliet." The auditorium was a rough shed, which held about 500 people. The stage was in keeping with the house. The lady had with her a wire dummy, such as are used in retail stores upon which to exhibit garments. She had this dummy dressed up as Romeo, and spoke the lines of Juliet to the figure. Then, by some transformation, the figure was changed to Juliet, and the recitations of Romeo were given by the lady. The 500 rough miners had never seen anything like this before. They sat before the readings dumbfounded. When the recitation was over and the "garish lights had fled," and the lady and her manager had gone to their hotels, the miners went into the shed (theatre) and took the wire dummy—it was dressed as Romeo—from the stage. They carted it about the town all night, and into the saloons, bought it whiskey by

dancing was only a form for expressing great joy. Renan maintains dancing never figured in the Christian liturgy, and M. de Pressensé agrees—for once—with Renan. Indeed, the Church had much difficulty to suppress the old pagan dances. Bishops and princes thundered against them, but the votaries up to the twelfth century held their dances at night in the cemeteries, where they had the stimuli of mystery, the fear of being surprised, and the feeling that they were doing wrong. In the sixteenth century, Germany had a singular "Death Dance," executed at wedding parties. Lots were drawn to find the individual who was to die; the doomed one then stood in the center of the room, the others danced round, and the individual after a while staggered, fell—became dead. All stopped, then the dancers chanted a pretty dirge—a funeral hymn. If the departed was a man, each girl came,

one by one, and kissed him on the forehead, and vice versa if a woman; with the last death-kiss he arose, the music played a gay air, and the triumphal ronde surrounded the resurrectionist. The real creators of that queen of dances, the waltz, were the Viennese; and they monopolize it still. It is thus that Musset wrote: "I would like a French duchess to be able to dance as well as a German cattle drover." M. Bohne believes dancing is dying, if not dead. The workmen are debilitated by factory life and soured by socialism. The sons of the rich are worn out by excess, by hot-bed lessons and examinations—educational pressure, perhaps. Piety, too, has departed, for true piety made no person sad; wine and beer are adulterated; people do not now get intoxicated, but poisoned. In fact, the moral health of the moderns is less good than that of their ancestors, who were most patient under suffering, more brave in the struggle of life, because less egotistical. We are devoted only to ourselves.

DEFECTIVE EDUCATION OF MUSICIANS.

IF the professors of music show any deficiency in dignity of mind, below other professions the cause is less in the necessary devotion of their time to the acquirement of the technical and mechanical dexterity requisite to the practice of their art, than to the dissipation of valuable hours in other ways.

The education of a musician, as now conducted, but too commonly begins in severe labor and privation. In the present advanced state of knowledge, the difficulties of attainment, if smoothed by the pleasures incident to the progress of discovery, are yet so much increased by the superiority science has reached, and by the competition of so many more persons who are daily struggling for precedence, that real excellence in any one branch of art, is the result of a vigorous, continued, incessant application alone.

The rewards which music promises are perhaps as frequently the motive to adopting it for a profession, as any real or supposed aptitude; and of the hundreds of persons now annually trained to music, perhaps there is a pretty equal portion of those who follow it from mere necessity or from some casual facility or excitement, and of those who take to it by descent, as it were. The education of all those persons is loose and vague. Some find their way to the theatres, more into private teaching, and but too many into the wretchedness of subordinates in every department. Few, indeed, are there who combine general knowledge with excellence in art. Upon such knowledge, nevertheless, depends all the estimation they can hope to enjoy in society, beyond the short-lived admiration which the exercise of particular talent immediately excites; all the estimation which gives solidity and value to the brilliancy of genius; all the moral rank, if we may so call it, which dignifies a man in society. Nor is the common neglect of general attainment at all wonderful, under the circumstances. The labor of practice is frequently relieved by some species of dissipation. The poor musician can find no better associates than those of his own condition, and while his sensibility is sharpened by his art, his taste occasionally awakened, and his manners improved by the good company into which that art casually introduces him, it is most probable he is only made to feel more acutely those deficiencies which he has not the means to repair. The polite and the informed who are induced to enter into conversation with him, discover at once that his recommendations are confined to his fiddle or his voice, and they quit him under that hopeless conviction; while he himself is doomed to experience forevermore the mortification of a neglect the more cutting, as he conceives it to be the effect of the insolence of wealth, or the hard-heartedness of pride. Of his own defects, unhappily, it is a part of his portion of littleness to remain ignorant. He has no standard of comparison, but those who are his equals in general circumstances, and his inferiors in the one pursuit to which he owes his bread and his advancement. He is therefore surrounded by causes which lead him to erroneous conclusions, both with regard to himself and to others.

LUIGI ARDITI, JR., the only son of the popular conductor, is about to appear in public as a pianist. He has just been engaged for a tour through Norway and Sweden by Mr. Maurice Strakosch, whose present *prima donna* is Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson. Young Arditì is just twenty-one years old. Mme. Arditì is an American by birth, and belongs to an old Southern family. She has not revisited the United States since the war.



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"Valse Brillante," (Op. 34) in A7.. ..Chopin.

Every one who claims to be a good pianist is familiar with this composition, which has a place in the repertory of all great players. It is no novelty, of course, but we claim to be giving to our readers the best edition extant of this work.

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Here is a graceful gavotte whose difficulties are not such as to deter ordinary players, and so carefully edited that even ordinary players who will heed the fingering, phrasing, etc., here given, will be able to render it artistically.

"WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY,".....Abt.

Now that the swallows are beginning to seek warmer climes is an opportune time to use this song—one of Abt's best.

"THE WHIRLWIND,".....Chopin.

Our readers will think this is a Chopin issue. To a certain extent they are right. This is the so-called "Study for the black Keys" with which all are familiar.

"PERLE DU NORD," (Mazurke élégante).....Ascher.

Fair amateurs will have no difficulty in mastering this graceful composition—one of Ascher's best.

The pieces in this number cost, in sheet form:

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"Valse Brillante" (Op. 34) A7.....Chopin,	.60
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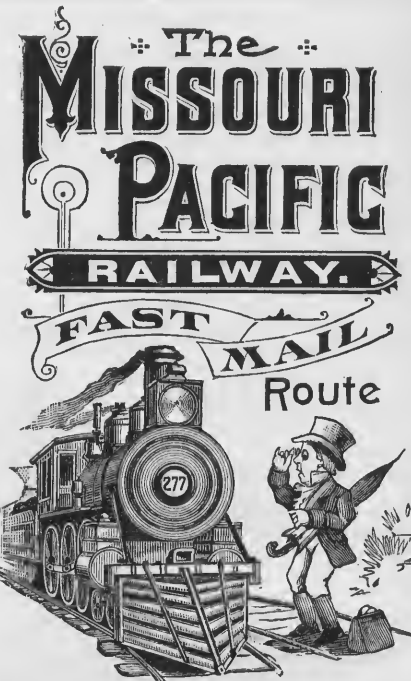
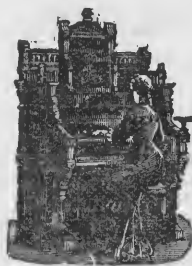
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PERLE DU NORD.

MAZURKA ELEGANTE.

J. Ascher.

Maestoso ♩ - 80.

ff risoluto. *p dolce.* *poco.* *rallent.*

Red. * Red. * Red. *

Allegretto. ♩ - 100.

mf *poco rit.*

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

ff *mf*

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

p *con grazia.*

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

p *pp*

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

First system of musical notation, measures 1-6. The right hand features a complex melodic line with many slurs and fingerings (1-5). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 3/4. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

Second system of musical notation, measures 7-12. The right hand continues the melodic development. Measure 8 is marked *risoluto.* and measure 9 is marked *dolente.* The left hand has dynamic markings *mf* and *f*. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

Third system of musical notation, measures 13-18. The right hand features a series of chords and moving lines. The left hand continues the accompaniment. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 19-24. The right hand has a melodic line with a crescendo leading to a fortissimo section. The left hand has dynamic markings *f* and *ff*. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 25-30. The right hand features a rapid, flowing melodic line. The left hand has a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 31-36. The right hand continues the rapid melodic line. The left hand has a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *ff* and *e sonore*. Fingerings 1 3 2 1 are indicated above the treble staff. Pedal markings (Ped.) and asterisks (*) are present below the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *p* and *f*. Fingerings 1 3 2 1 are indicated above the treble staff. Pedal markings (Ped.) and asterisks (*) are present below the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *ff* and *e pesante*. Fingerings 1 3 2 1 are indicated above the treble staff. First and second endings are marked with 1. and 2. Pedal markings (Ped.) and asterisks (*) are present below the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *mf*. Fingerings 1 3 2 1 are indicated above the treble staff. Pedal markings (Ped.) and asterisks (*) are present below the bass staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *p*. Fingerings 1 3 2 1 are indicated above the treble staff. Pedal markings (Ped.) and asterisks (*) are present below the bass staff.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *pp*. Fingerings 1 3 2 1 are indicated above the treble staff. Pedal markings (Ped.) and asterisks (*) are present below the bass staff.

Musical score for "L'Espresso" by Franz Liszt, measures 1-10. The score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a piano introduction with a repeating bass line and a melodic line in the right hand. The melody is marked *ff* (fortissimo) and includes a trill in measure 10. The instruction *con tutta forza.* is written below the staff in measure 10.

Handwritten musical score for 'Ave Maria' by Franz Schubert. The score is written on two staves: a vocal line with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment with a bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The tempo is marked 'And.' (Andante). The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5), and dynamic markings. The piano part features a steady accompaniment pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal line is a melodic line with many slurs and fingerings, indicating a continuous, flowing melody.

LIEBESLIED.

LOVE SONG.

STEPHEN HELLER OP. 46.

Con moto ♩. - 88.

leggiero cantando.

mf

a tempo.

riten.

dim.

legato.

Red.

** Red.*

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a series of eighth-note chords with fingerings 1 3, 1 4, 1 4, 1 3, 1 4, 1 3, 1 4, and 1 4. The bass staff contains a series of eighth-note chords with fingerings 12, 4, 1, 2, 3, 5, 3, 1, 12, 4, 4, 2, 3.

Second system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a series of eighth-note chords with fingerings 1 4, 1 3, 1 4, 1 3, 1 4, 1 3, 1 4, and 1 4. The bass staff contains a series of eighth-note chords with fingerings 12, 5, 3, 1, 2, 3, 3, 1, 12, 5, 3, 1, 2.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a series of eighth-note chords with fingerings 1 3, 1 3, 1 3, 1 3, 1 3, 1 3, 1 3, and 1 3. The bass staff contains a series of eighth-note chords with fingerings 1, 2, 4, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3. Performance markings include *dim espress.*, *riten.*, *rf*, and *Red.*

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a series of eighth-note chords with fingerings 1 3, 1 3, 1 3, 1 3, 1 3, 1 3, 1 3, and 1 3. The bass staff contains a series of eighth-note chords with fingerings 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3. Performance markings include *a tempo.*, *f*, and *Red.*

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a series of eighth-note chords with fingerings 1 4, 1 3, 1 4, 1 4, 1 4, 1 3, 1 3, and 1 3. The bass staff contains a series of eighth-note chords with fingerings 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3. Performance markings include *mf*, *Red.*, and *Red.*

Sixth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a series of eighth-note chords with fingerings 1 4, 1 4, 1 4, 1 4, 1 4, 1 4, 1 4, and 1 4. The bass staff contains a series of eighth-note chords with fingerings 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3. Performance markings include *riten*, *a tempo.*, *f a tempo.*, *smorz.*, and *Red.*

VALSE BRILLANTE.

F. Chopin, Op. 34. No 1.

Vivace. $\text{♩} = 80$.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of several systems of music. The first system begins with a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff has a few notes. The second system continues the melody in the treble staff, with a crescendo marking. The third system features a more complex texture with multiple voices in both staves. The fourth system is marked 'Pedale ad lib.' and shows a series of chords and single notes. The fifth system is marked 'brillante.' and features a series of rapid sixteenth-note passages. The score includes various musical notations such as fingerings, slurs, and dynamic markings like 'f', 'sf', 'cres.', and 'p'. There are also some editorial markings like 'Red.' and '*'.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*, *dim.*, *p*, *f*. Fingerings: 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 4, 3, 1. Pedal markings: Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*, *dim.*, *p*. Fingerings: 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Pedal markings: Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *dolce.*, *p*. Fingerings: 4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Pedal markings: Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *cres.*, *f*. Fingerings: 2, 3, 4, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Pedal markings: Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*, *piu f*. Fingerings: 3, 4, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Pedal markings: Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *ff*. Fingerings: 2, 3, 4, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Pedal markings: Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

see A. see A.

f

Ped. Ped. Ped. * Ped. Ped. Ped. *

8-

cres. *ff*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

f

Ped. Ped. Ped. * Ped. * Ped. Ped. * Ped. *

f

Ped. Ped. Ped. * Ped. * Ped. Ped. * Ped. *

Pedale ad lib.

f

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

f

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Musical score for "L'Espresso" by Franz Liszt, Op. 28, No. 12. The score is in G major, 2/4 time, and consists of 12 measures. The right hand features a complex melodic line with many triplets and sixteenth notes. The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece ends with a "piu f" (pizzicato forte) marking.

8

2 4 3 2 3 5 4

ff

f

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. *

8

2 4 3 2 3 5 4

ff

1 1 1 2 1 1 2

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

The image shows a musical score for a piano introduction and a waltz section. The score is written for piano and includes fingerings and dynamics. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The score is written for piano and includes fingerings and dynamics. The score is written for piano and includes fingerings and dynamics.

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with many fingerings indicated above the notes. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The title "The Rose Tree" is written in a decorative, cursive font at the bottom left of the page.

Handwritten musical score system 1. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains a melodic line with many fingerings (1-5) and slurs. Bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment. The word *cres.* is written in the first measure of the treble staff.

Handwritten musical score system 2. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melodic line with complex fingerings. Bass staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The word *sempre piu cres.* is written above the treble staff.

Handwritten musical score system 3. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and fingerings. Bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. The word *dim.* is written in the final measure of the treble staff.

Handwritten musical score system 4. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and fingerings. Bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. The word *meno f* is written in the middle of the system.

Handwritten musical score system 5. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and fingerings. Bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. The word *dimin.* is written in the first measure of the treble staff.

Handwritten musical score system 6. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and fingerings. Bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. The word *perdendosi.* is written in the first measure of the treble staff. The system ends with a double bar line and a final chord.

GAVOTTE POMPADOUR.

Francois Behr, Op.499.

Moderato. ♩ = 112.

p *grazioso e leggero*

mf

cres. *f*

p *leggero molto.* *string. un poco.* *riten. p.* *a tempo.*

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WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

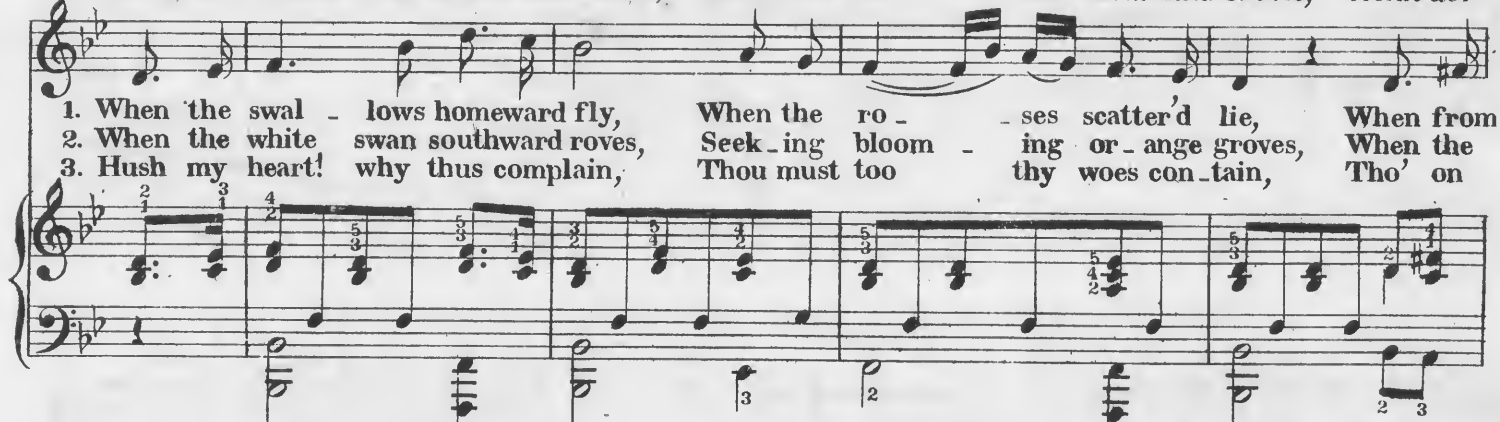
(WENN DIE SCHWALBEN HEIMWÄRTS ZIEH'N.)

Moderato ♩ - 88.

Franz Abt.



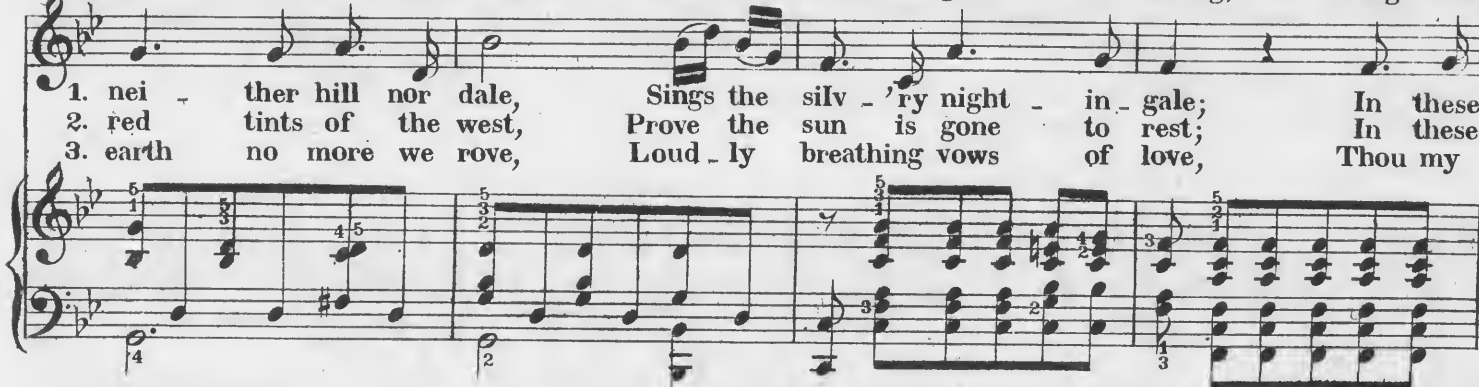
3. Ar - mes Herz was kla - gest du, O, auch du gehst einst zur Ruh, Was auf
2. Wenn die Schwä - ne süd - lich ziehn, Dorthin wo Ci - tro - nen blih'n, Wenn das
1. Wenn die Schwal - ben heimwärts ziehn, Wenn die Ro - sen nicht mehr blih'n, Wenn der



1. When the swal - lows homeward fly, When the ro - ses scatter'd lie, When from
2. When the white swan southward roves, Seek - ing bloom - ing or - ange groves, When the
3. Hush my heart! why thus complain, Thou must too thy woes con - tain, Tho' on



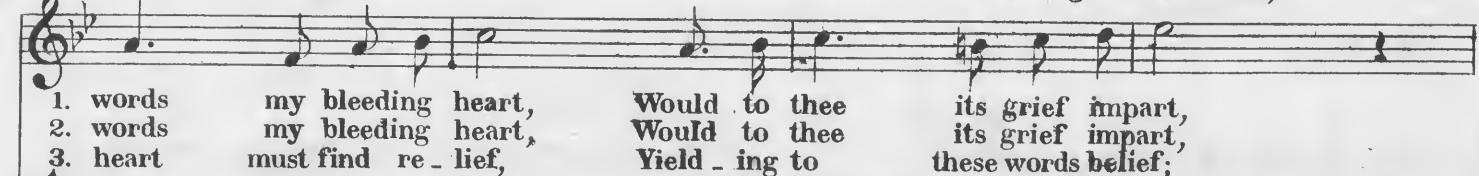
3. Er - den muss vergeh'n. Gibt es wohl ein Wie - der - seh'n! Fragt das
2. A - bend roth versinkt, Durch die grü - nen Wäl - der blinkt, Fragt das
1. Nach - ti - gall Ge - sang Mit der Nach - ti - gall ver - klung, Fragt das



1. nei - ther hill nor dale, Sings the silv - 'ry night - in - gale; In these
2. red tints of the west, Prove the sun is gone to rest; In these
3. earth no more we rove, Loud - ly breathing vows of love, Thou my



3. Herz in bangem Schmerz, Fragt das Herz in ban - gem Schmerz,
2. Herz in bangem Schmerz, Fragt das Herz in ban - gem Schmerz,
1. Herz in bangem Schmerz, Fragt das Herz in ban - gem Schmerz,



1. words my bleeding heart, Would to thee its grief impart,
2. words my bleeding heart, Would to thee its grief impart,
3. heart must find re - lief, Yield - ing to these words belief;



3. Glaub' dass ich dich wie - - - der - seh,
 2. Ob ich dich auch wie - - - der - seh,
 1. Ob ich dich auch wie - - - der - seh,

1. When I thus thy im - - - age lose,
 2. When I thus thy im - - - age lose,
 3. I shall see thy form a - gain,

3. Thut auch heut' das Schei - den so weh!
 2. Schei - den, ach Schei - den, Schei - den thut weh!
 1. Schei - den, ach Schei - den, Schei - den thut weh!

1. Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose,
 2. Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose,
 3. Though to - day we part in pain,

3. Thut auch heut' das Schei - den so weh!
 2. Schei - den, ach Schei - den, Schei - den thut weh!
 1. Schei - den, ach Schei - den, Schei - den thut weh!

1. Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose!
 2. Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose!
 3. Though to - day we part in - pain.

REFRAIN.

THE WHIRLWIND.

Vivace. ♩ - 116.
brillante.

F. Chopin Op. 10. No. 5.

sempre legato.

cres.

poco rall.

pp

a tempo.

cres.

cres.

cres. poco a poco.

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sempre più cres.

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. Treble and bass staves with complex fingerings and dynamics. The treble staff features rapid sixteenth-note passages with fingerings like 4 2 3 2 2 4 2 3. The bass staff has chords and single notes with dynamics like *And.* and *And.* marked with an asterisk.

sempre legatissimo.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. Treble and bass staves with flowing lines and dynamics. The treble staff continues with rapid passages and fingerings like 1 4 2 4 1 4 1 4. The bass staff has chords and single notes with dynamics like *And.* and *And.* marked with an asterisk.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. Treble and bass staves with dynamics like *f* and *dim.*. The treble staff has rapid passages with fingerings like 5 4 5 3 5 3. The bass staff has chords and single notes with dynamics like *And.* and *And.* marked with an asterisk.

dim. *cres.*

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. Treble and bass staves with dynamics like *dim.* and *cres.*. The treble staff has rapid passages with fingerings like 2 1 5 3 5 4 4 2. The bass staff has chords and single notes with dynamics like *And.* and *And.* marked with an asterisk.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. Treble and bass staves with dynamics like *f* and *And.*. The treble staff has rapid passages with fingerings like 1 2 1 5 1 1 5 4. The bass staff has chords and single notes with dynamics like *And.* and *And.* marked with an asterisk.

p *cres.* *f* *p*

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 21-24. Treble and bass staves with dynamics like *p*, *cres.*, *f*, and *p*. The treble staff has rapid passages with fingerings like 3 5 4 4 1 5 3 8. The bass staff has chords and single notes with dynamics like *And.* and *And.* marked with an asterisk.

NOCTURNE.

Andante. ♩ - 92.

F. Chopin, Op.55.Nº 1.

123

a tempo. *poco cres.*

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. Treble and bass staves with fingerings and dynamics.

dim. *p*

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. Treble and bass staves with fingerings and dynamics.

cres. *f* *dim.* *più p* *riten.*

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. Treble and bass staves with fingerings and dynamics.

a tempo. *poco cres.*

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. Treble and bass staves with fingerings and dynamics.

più mosso. *f* *dim.*

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. Treble and bass staves with fingerings and dynamics.

Execution.

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 21-24. Treble and bass staves with fingerings and dynamics.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the left hand, and the voice part is in the right hand. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score consists of two systems. The first system has two staves, and the second system has two staves. The piano part features a repeating bass line with triplets and a melody in the right hand. The voice part has a melody with lyrics. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "cres." and "dim."

Handwritten musical score for 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The piece includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and fingerings. There are also performance instructions like 'cres.' (crescendo) and 'rallent.' (rallentando). The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Tempo I.

dolce.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

molto legato e stretto.

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

poco cres.

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

dim.

Red. * Red. *

dim. *cres.* *l.h.*

Red. * Red. * 5

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

a tempo.

Red. * Red. * Red. *

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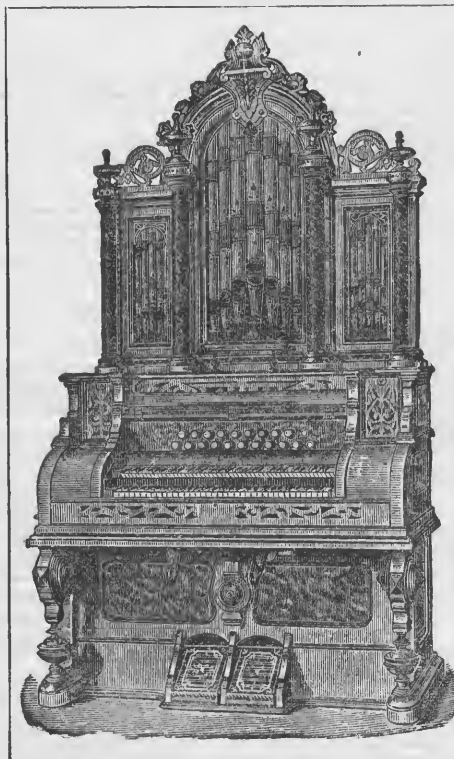
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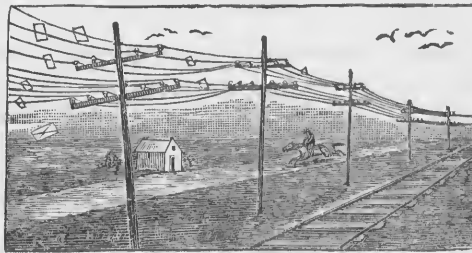
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BOSTON.

Boston, September 19th, 1887.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my brightest hopes decay
I never had a summer yet
But what hard work came after play!

I have had my vacation and am gradually recovering from it, but for a while the work seems especially heavy. Nature evidently intended me for the son of a capitalist, and then neglected to provide the wealthy parent. Ten days ago I tore myself away from East Gloucester and again began to train the minds of pupils supposed to be more or less musical. I found Boston just between seasons, musically speaking. The Summer Popular Concerts had ended, and the Winter Symphony Concerts not yet begun. Therefore the only notes audible were notes of preparation. One spot however was full of music in all stages; I mean the New England Conservatory of Music. It has opened with an especially large number of students; the teachers are all back looking brown and hearty, and there are a few new faces among the faculty which are very welcome to Boston. There is Herr Emil Mahr who has just arrived from the other side; a courteous gentleman and an excellent musician. He gave a violin recital to the Students at the Conservatory a few days after he arrived, and although fatigued by so long a journey, made a great success. It is pleasant to think that the Conservatory has now the elements of a fine string quartette in its own faculty, and such an organization will soon be formed. Mr. W. Waugh Lauder has also arrived and taken his place in the teaching corps of the institution, as well as given an affective piano recital. Here then, all is musical activity but it is about the only place for the only public music is to be found in two theatres—the Globe and the Halle's Street theatre—which are giving light opera. The former presents the now well-worn "Erminie," while the latter relies upon a weak effusion entitled "Conrad, the Corsair." Light opera relies largely upon light dressing for its effect, but I must say that the Casino troupe in "Erminie" are also musically satisfactory. Nevertheless I long for a little advance in this matter of light opera. Why can not we have something of the good school of Lortzing or Adam? The very best we have in the light vein are the "Mikado," and the "Bells of Corneville" or the "Chimes of Normandy," and both of these are worn threadbare.


The Symphony Orchestra is beginning to gather. Already some of the musicians are back from Europe, and I regret to say, some new faces also have come from abroad. The reason that I regret this is because it involves the discharge of some of the men who hoped that they had permanent employ. I acknowledge however that the woodwind needed regeneration, especially in the oboe part; but now there come two new oboists from abroad each claiming to be engaged as first oboe, and with the two already here it makes four, and as the two new men declare they will be first or nothing, and as the two others do not know where or when the axe is to fall, there will be a few discordant notes mingled with the general harmony when the director returns. Meanwhile Mr. Gerleke remains as long as possible in Vienna and in his native Styria, and will not appear here for two weeks yet. Nevertheless, I can assure you that there will be the usual number of concerts, the usual enthusiasm, and I hope, the usual excellence of performance. As these and other musical events begin you will receive longer missives from COMES.

"CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD."

THE St. Louis Browns have, for the third successive time, won the championship of the "American Association of Base-ball Clubs," while, in the League, the Detroiters have carried off the honors. The Browns will now be called upon to make good their title to the championship of the world for another season. A series of fifteen games, to be played in the principal cities of the United States, has been arranged. The Detroiters are slightly the favorites of betting men—but betting men, as a class, know but little about base-ball—a thoroughly honest game, and we predict that the Browns will easily defeat their antagonists, unless, indeed, the element of luck should be largely against them. The dates, as arranged as we go to press, are given below. Our readers everywhere should be sure to see these great games:

- October 10 and 11, St. Louis.
- 12, Detroit.
- 13, Pittsburg.
- 14, Brooklyn.
- 15, New York (Polo grounds).
- 17, Philadelphia (League grounds).
- 18, Boston.
- 19, Philadelphia (Athletic grounds).
- 20, Washington.
- 21, Baltimore.
- 22, Brooklyn.
- 24, Cincinnati.
- 25, Louisville.
- 26, (Place to be decided by toss-up).

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HOLMES' NEW "HAIL COLUMBIA."

The following verses are from the pen of O. W. Holmes and were written by him for the late Philadelphia Centennial. They are his idea of a new "Hail Columbia."

1798.

"Hail, Columbia! Happy land!
 Home of heroes—heaven-born band,
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone
 Enjoyed the peace their valor won.
 Let Independence be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost;
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.
 Firm—united—let us be,
 Rallying round our Liberty,
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find."

1887.

Look our ransomed shores around,
 Peace and safety we have found!
 Welcome, friends, who once were foes!
 Welcome, friends, who once were foes!
 To all the conquering years have gained
 A nation's rights, a race unchained!
 Children of the day new-born,
 Mindful of his glorious morn,
 Let the pledge our fathers signed
 Heart to heart forever bind!

While the stars of heaven shall burn,
 While the ocean tides return,
 Ever may the circling sun
 Find the Many still are One.

Graven deep with edge of steel,
 Crowned with victory's crimson seal,
 All the world their names shall read!
 All the world their names shall read!
 Enrolled with his hosts that led,
 Whose blood for us—for all—was shed.
 Pay our sires their children's debt,
 Love and honor—nor forget
 Only Union's golden key
 Guards the Ark of Liberty!

While the stars of heaven shall burn,
 While the ocean tides return,
 Ever may the circling sun
 Find the Many still are One!

Hail Columbia, strong and free,
 Firm enthroned from sea to sea!
 Thy march triumphant still pursue!
 Thy march triumphant still pursue!
 With peaceful stride from zone to zone,
 And make the Western land thine own!
 Blest are the Union's holy ties,
 Let our grateful song arise—
 Every voice its tribute lend—
 In the loving chorus blend!

While the stars in heaven shall burn,
 While the ocean tides return,
 Ever shall the circling sun
 Find the Many still are One!

TERESINA TUA.

OR the last five or six years, the readers of European musical news have again and again been informed of the wonderful success of Teresina Tua, a young Italian lady violinist, a pupil of Massart of the Paris Conservatoire, at which institution she took a grand prize in 1880. We read of her in France, Germany, England, Spain and Italy, and everywhere she seemed to captivate her audiences. Once or twice before, there were rumors that she was coming to this country, but nothing came of them. At last, however, the American public is to have the opportunity of hearing this great artist (for such we must believe she is) thanks to the enterprise of Mr. C. H. Dittman, the New York manager, who will be remembered as the gentleman who introduced Joseffy to the people of the United States. Mr. Dittman writes us that "Tua will create the greatest excitement as well by her personal beauty as by her wonderful execution on the violin, which reminds one of Paganini or Milanollo." Evidently Mr. Dittman has an eye as well as an ear for the beautiful. We take pleasure, in any event, in welcoming this Italian muse to our hospitable shores, which, we hope, will yield many laurels for her artist's brow. She will make her American debut at Chickering Hall, New York, on the 17th inst.

Of "Home, Sweet Home," F. S. Saltus writes to the *American Musician*: "Sir Henry Bishop heard it in Sicily, and nobody knows who composed it. Sicilians living to-day in New York have told me that their grandfathers said their grandfathers knew it. Bishop introduced it into his 'Clari, the Maid of Milan.' Pasta, the original Norma, liked it, and took a copy of it. In 1830, when Donizetti was composing his 'Anna Bolena' for her, she asked him to introduce the melody. He did so for the final scene, but made a variation of it. The second part differs almost entirely from the song as it is sung to-day."



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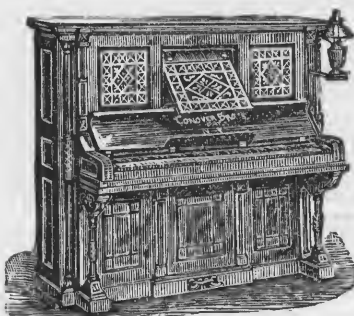


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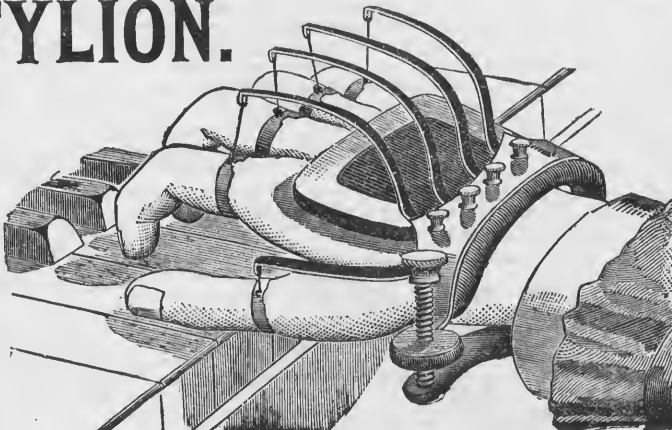
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It is a duty that every teacher owes to his profession, to his patrons and pupils and to himself, to insist on the introduction of musical literature into every household. In no other way can musical sense be so readily diffused among the people. All this stupidity that teachers are grumbling about results from ignorance on the part of the parents, and this ignorance, in turn, results from a want of education.

Now what is there that is more powerful as an educator than the press? Yet the general press talks of politics, of pork, of presidents and poets, but scarcely a word of music or of musicians. Why this strenuous laboring to reach the benighted public through a rendition of the master-pieces? How can the people appreciate a master-piece if the master is unknown to them?

When a living master comes, everybody from the serf to the nobleman, is on the *qui vive* to behold him, and hear what he has to express; but who cares for the interpreter of this same master's expressions when the master is dead and gone? To be sure, a thing of beauty remains a joy forever, but requires the development of much ideality to comprehend the beauty of a musical composition, and this sense of the beautiful will remain obtuse unless the bright light of an intelligent thought and criticism be thrown upon it.—*Etude.*

HE COULD SING.

SEVERAL years ago, on one of our northern bays, when, as yet, steamers were infrequent visitors, a certain small boat used to ply, touching at various points, according as its freight or the weather demanded.

The crew was somewhat limited, consisting of the captain. The first mate, whose name was Barnabas, and the cook, John, who, when stress of work required, also acted as second mate.

John was an excellent cook and a fairly good sailor, but he was afflicted with an impediment in his speech which made him somewhat backward in expressing himself, and was especially annoying, if, for any reason, he became excited. At such times the more he wanted to say something the less he was able to say it. Fortunately, however, he could sing as straight as any one.

One day the Captain was below taking a nap, while Barnabas and John were running the boat. A sudden squall happened to come up, and a puff of wind brought the boom around with such unexpected violence as to knock the unwary Barnabas overboard. Thereupon, John rushed into the cabin in the wildest excitement to inform the Captain of what had occurred, but, as usual, he was unable to get out a coherent sentence.

"B-b-b-b—" he stuttered, until the Captain, in a rage, shouted:

"Thunderation! man, sing it, if you can't say it," and John, catching at the happy suggestion, sang:

"Overboard is Barnabas,
Half a mile astern of us."

The boat was immediately put about and the luckless Barnabas recovered.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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All teachers of Vocal and Instrumental Music who are desirous of increasing their business, are requested to forward their names to C. W. Gee, care Kunkel Bros., St. Louis. Mr. Gee will immediately answer all communications either by letter or in person. He especially desires Singing School Teachers to correspond with him—as he has a matter of vital importance, financially, to communicate to them. Let me hear from you, fellow teachers.

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Verdi's favorite authors are Victor Hugo and Shakespeare—then come Lope de Vega, Molière and Goldoni.

Mr. J. M. Starr, of the Starr Piano Co., was in the city during the G. A. R. Encampment, looking well and prosperous.

Late advices state that Mme. Ilma di Murska has been engaged by the National Conservatory of Music as principal teacher of singing.

A ONE-ACT opera-comique "Le Chevalier Timide" [The Bashful Knight] by Edmond Milla, the youthful composer of *Juge et Partie*, has made a hit in Paris.

THE *Musical Herald* speaks of Carlo Patti as "the violinist recently dead." Carlo Patti was buried in this city some fifteen years ago, not so very "recently."

TERESA CARRENO, the sympathetic pianist, has returned from South America, and is now making arrangements for a series of concerts in New York and other cities.

POLLINI, the Hamburg *impresario* who discovered Bøstel, the tenor, then a cab-driver, has, he says, made a similar discovery in one Rawner, who is said to sing up to high E flat with ease.

VERDI has recently received from some unknown author a libretto based upon "Romeo and Juliet," which is said to be most excellent. The *Maestro* has not yet decided whether to set it to music or not.

THE Chicago dailies think the sandwiches furnished at the Thomas Exposition Concerts were symphonically perfect. What Chicago papers don't know about music would make any one the most learned musician of this or any other age.

A NEW idea in life insurance has just been put into execution in Buda-Pesth, Hungary, where a company has just been organized to insure the lives of theatre goers against accidents that may occur during theatrical or operatic performances. What next?

It is reported that Signor Fanchetti, a young Italian composer who is the son of a millionaire, has written an opera which will be heard in seventeen Italian theatres the coming winter, his generous father having rented the theatres in question for that purpose.

"FAUST" will be given for the 500th time at the Paris *Grand Opera*, on November 4th next, on which occasion Mr. Gounod will assume the baton. Pretty good for an opera which was pronounced a failure by Gounod's friends before the public had heard a note of its score.

THE report was recently circulated in this city that Mr. E. M. Bowman, now of Newark, N. J., had been offered a position worth \$20,000 a year in Boston. Musicians must be scarce in Boston. Mr. Bowman "refused" the position, they say, which is proof positive it was offered(?).

THE *Chicago Indicator* thinks the methods of music selling followed by the "American Musical Association" unfair, and seems to want to know who really constitute the "Association." We are happy to be able to give the desired information. It is Brainard's Sons. Howe has only a part interest in the concern.

COLONEL MAPLESON is fond of relating to the public the romantic histories of his new sopranos. These are sometimes very funny. The latest put forth by the genial operatic manager is in behalf of a young American, Mlle. Nikita, who was stolen in her youth by the Indians of Niagara. Mlle. Nikita was born in Virginia.

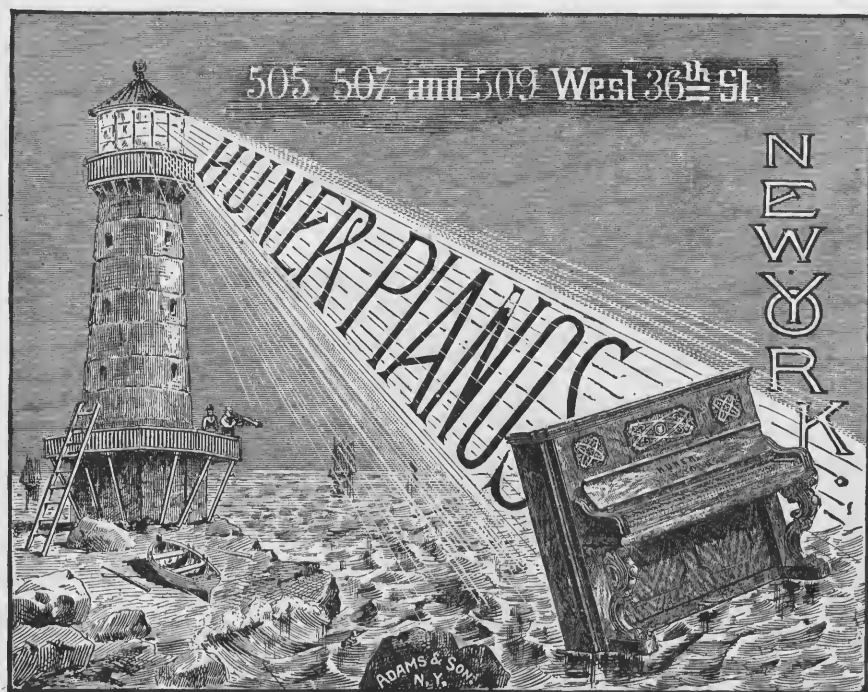
ONE of the leading Swedish papers asked its readers to designate their favorite operas and received 665 answers. The result of the vote was: "Don Juan" 250, "Faust" 230, "Carmen" 50, "Mefistofele" 45, "Mignon" 43, "Lohengrin" 27, "Tannhauser" 20. It would seem therefore that Wagnerism is not rampant among the Swedes.

WE recently enjoyed a short visit from Mr. Conover, of New York. He is extremely well satisfied with the state of his trade, but says he had hard work to secure a solid footing in New York against the competition, fair and unfair, of other makers. The Conover piano is a good one, and has the highest endorsement of Goldbeck, Bowman, Strelezki, and other eminent artists.

THE *Mondo Artistico* states that the National Library at Rome has recently purchased a large and valuable collection of papers bearing upon the history of the Italian, and specially the Florentine operatic stage. Among these papers are interesting letters from Rossini, Donizetti, Pacini, Mercadante, Verdi, Meyerbeer, Ricci, Paganini, Romani, Lablache, Ronconi, Duprez, Malibran, Frezzolini, etc.

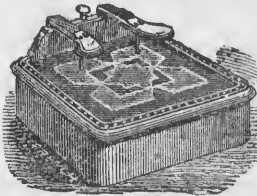
A FOREIGN PAPER states that the fishermen of Bergen presented Sigrid Arnoldsen, their young countrywoman who aspires to occupy the place once filled by Jenny Lind, in token of their enthusiastic admiration of her singing, a fifty-foot whale caught by them near the coast. Whether the whale was thrown upon the stage with other bouquets, or sent up to her hotel on a silver tray, our informant does not state.

THE *Art Musical*, of Paris, says: "To the young artists who, finding no engagements on the French stage, wish to go to foreign lands, we earnestly give the advice to study the English repertory. There is the future. A large number of American theatres of the first class seek to form troupes that will be ready to sing in English exclusively." Can any one give us the names of a few of this large number of American theatres.



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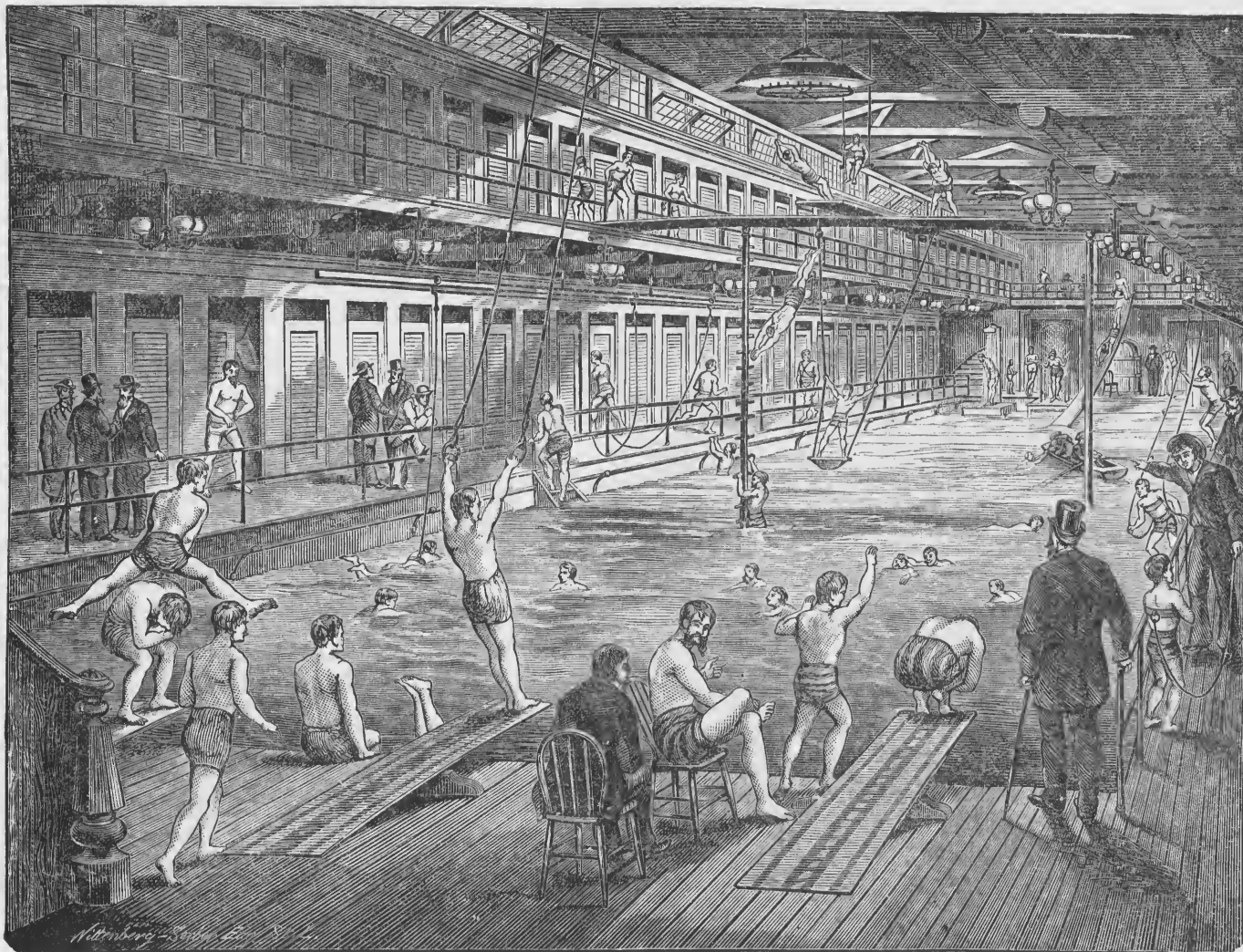


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WILI THERN, the Viennese pianist, has hunted out the following odd numeral coincidences in the life of Liszt: Liszt was born in the 11th year of this century, on the 22nd day of October, and died during the night between July 31 and August 1, at 11 o'clock. The sum of these numbers is 76, and Liszt died at 76. Settling down the year of his birth (11) and by its side the day of the month when he was born (22) we get 1122, the number of his compositions.

It is likely that "Tannhäuser" will not be performed at Bayreuth next year, on account of the great cost of producing it suitably, and that "Die Meistersinger" will be given instead. It is proposed to concentrate every effort on this opera and to forego, if necessary, even the repetition of "Tristan and Isolde," which would also entail much labor and expense. The Bayreuth Theatre, which last year was partly lighted by electricity, will have electric lights throughout next year.

The London correspondent of the *Neue Musik-Zeitung*, writes: "Hans Richter conducted Brahms' 'Academic Overture' in London, and, as usual, from memory. He, however, forgot a change in the tempo from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{2}{4}$, and, as a result, some confusion took place in the orchestra, and this was also manifested in the audience. Many conductors would have, in such an emergency, looked daggers at the orchestra; but Richter stopped the performance, turned to the audience and remarked, 'This was not the fault of the orchestra; it was my own.' Great applause followed his admission."

WITH the view of paying marked honors to the memory of Mozart, great preparations have been made for the celebration in nearly all the opera houses of Germany of the centenary of the production of "Don Giovanni," Nov. 29th. The commemorative performances will doubtless extend to some of the opera houses of this country before the year is out. All this has a truly musical ring, but Mozart himself was very hungry before he died, and the niece he left without a kreutzer is cared for by the German Government. She is not living in regal splendor, but is doing the best she can off an allowance of 4 cents a day, or \$1.25 a month.—*Am. Art Journal*.

A WELL-KNOWN impresario declares that great singers will not allow managers to owe them. They want their salary before going on the stage at night. Alboni, the great contralto, always insisted on having her salary before singing a note. "I know not how it is," she would say, placing her hand over the money, "but the words would come out better when I know it is here." Mangini, the tenor, always placed his money in his left stocking. Badiali, the baritone, wore a belt and kept his money and gold pieces there. During the afternoons on which he sang he amused himself by weighing the gold in a pair of apothecary's scales.—*Musical Record*.

C. T. Sisson, jolly and saucy as ever, timed his visit to St. Louis so as to take in the G. A. R. festivities, but was far from unmindful of business. He established an agency for the Farrand and Votey Organs and sold the agents a large bill of goods. Sisson is quite enthusiastic over the merits of his organs and particularly over the "separable case" and "swinging desk," whose main features are covered by ten patents. He also states that Farrand and Votey have just secured, at great expense, the services of Mr. Walter Haywood for many years head tuner for the Esteyes, and to whose work no little of the good quality of tone noted in the Estey organs was due.

NORTH'S *Musical Journal*, in a biographical sketch of a certain Herr Leefson, which is meant to be very complimentary says: "The composer Auber once said: 'Je prefere le piano a la guillotine!' [I prefer the piano to the guillotine.] He would have said otherwise if he could have heard the playing of Herr Leefson, student at the conservatory." In other words, he would have said "Je prefere la guillotine au piano." [I prefer the guillotine to the piano] as handled by Herr Leefson. This is perhaps intended to indicate his great power of execution. We hear further that "Many art critics have predestined him a brilliant future." It seems that the Almighty has abdicated in favor of art critics in Philadelphia.

DECIDEDLY, Brother Merz's *sauer-kraut* indigestion is a stayer. In the last issue of his paper he revamps the item from the *Musical Standard*, in reference to French military bands, which we touched upon editorially in last month's REVIEW, and concludes his screed in these terms: "It seems to us that the French are laying hands here and there, which will in the end put them under a monarch once more, who will keep them in order. Truly the French people do not seem to know what they want." Passing over the "laying hands here and there which will put them under a monarch" (a grammatical and rhetorical monstrosity worthy of being preserved in a jar of alcohol) we can not help but wonder at the astuteness of the mind which, imagining that the French are about to go back to a monarchical system of government, sees in that supposed fact an evidence of their depravity and inferiority, while it, at the same time, sees in the admitted fact that their trans-Rhenane neighbors are more thoroughly king-ridden now than they were seventeen years ago, an evidence of the superior virtue and intelligence of the latter. Try bismuth and pepsin, Bro. Merz—if that don't do, you may have to "helleborize."

WHERE will the iconoclasts stop? Homer did not write Homer nor Shakespeare, Shakespeare. The *Marsellaise* is not French, and it will sooner or later be found that *Die Wacht am Rhein* is the work of some Parisian. Here is one who breaks another idol:

"Rakings from an Old Foggy's Journal," published in London, 1836, contains this entry:

"God Save the King" was a French song, stolen by Handel for the House of Hanover. The girls of St. Cyr sung before Louis XIV., about the year 1652, a song which ran thus:

Grand Dieu, sauve le roy,
Grand Dieu, venge le roy,
Vive le roy!
Que toujours glorieux,
Louis victorieux,
Voye ses ennemis
Toujours soumis!
Grand Dieu, sauve le roy!" etc.

The words were by a M. de Buisson and the music by Lully. It seems almost a pity for KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW to be the first to give a kick at this neat little story, but we cannot resist the temptation of calling attention to the fact that the words violate one of the fundamental rules of French prosody—the necessary mixing in certain proportions of masculine (full vowel sound) and feminine (e mute) rhymes—by having all masculine rhymes, so that it seems unlikely that the words were written as stated, and if not the words, why the music?

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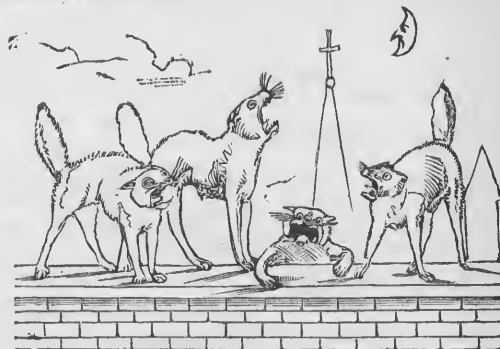
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THE musical composition "Warblings at Eve" is the first intimation that Adam was a singer.

Who says this is not a music loving nation? The scenery of the defunct National Opera Company was sold yesterday for a mere song.—*Philadelphia News*.

THE San Antonio people complain of little fishes in the water mains. They can't expect the Water Works Company to furnish them with whales 120 feet long for a dollar a month.—*Texas Siftings*.

FOND FATHER—"Talk of college not fitting a young man for earning a living! Just as soon as Johnny graduated he obtained a splendid position." Friend—"What was it?" Fond Father—"First base."—*Life*.

"I HEAR your son is quite a singer, Mr. Yawp." "Well, he does jerk his vocal tubes occasionally." "Well, what kind of a voice has he got? Is it a baritone?" "I guess it is, for most people can b'ar-it-only a little while."

BAGLEY—Have you heard Patti sing "Home, Sweet Home?" Bailey—No, but I've heard the next thing to it.

Bagley—What's that?

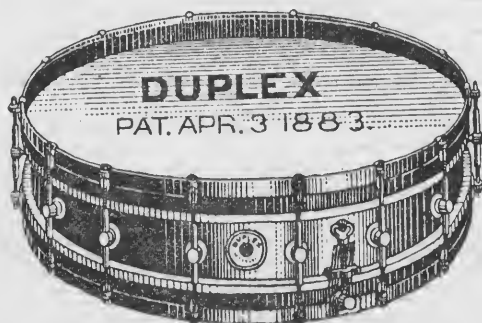
Bailey—A Jersey mosquito's hum, sweet hum.—*Judge*.

PRINCE PONIATOWSKI was very anxious to procure a libretto from the pen of Alexander Dumas the elder. "I can't think of such a thing," said Dumas; "there's nothing I dread so much as Poniatowski's music, particularly when he composes it himself."

LEADER (to Mr. Jones, who has been invited to sing in the choir on the strength of a rumor of similar metropolitan experiences): "Mistah Jones, if you please kerry de air, I try de basso on dis *Gloriah*." Mr. Jones: "I pr'vides de air fo' no one's solo. Un'erstan', sah, I didn't come heah in de capacity ob a organ blower, an' doan op'rate de bellows fo' no one, if yo' please."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

AN Iowa newspaper foreman is now in danger of his life for putting together the following. The first is a portion of an account of the concert, and last a partial report of a cattle show. The sentences appeared as follows: "The concert given last night by sixteen of Storm Lake's most beautiful and fascinating young ladies was highly appreciated. They were elegantly dressed, and sang in a most charming manner, winning the plaudits of the entire audience, who pronounced them the finest breeds of short horns in the country. A few of them are of a rich brown color, but the majority are spotted, brown and white. Several of the heifers are fine bodied, tight-limbed animals, and promise to prove good property."

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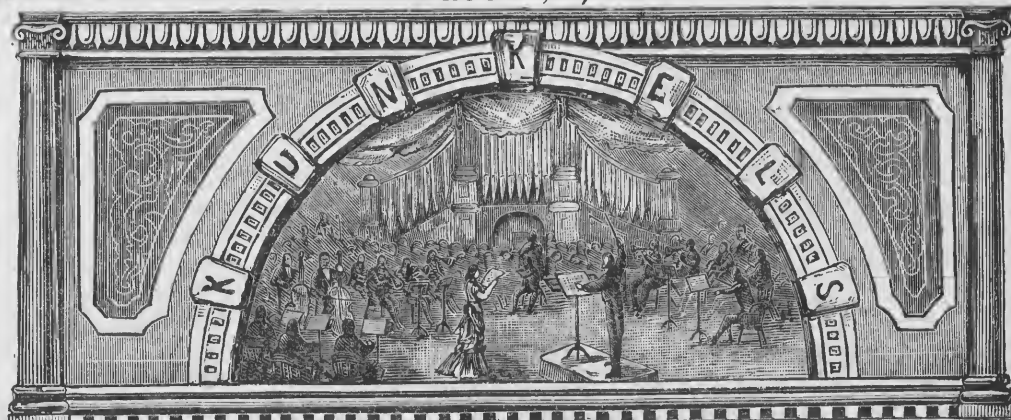
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